



It was growing dark when Miss Martie, with her basket on her arm, came into the corner market to buy her Thanksgiving dinner. The basket was absurdly small, but Miss Mattie was little herself, and when she set it on the high counter and stood blinking in the bright light, the calf's head at her elbow seemed to be grinning at them both.

"Well, Miss Mattie," called out the market man, in his hearty fashion, "I see your mind is not set on a turkey this time, but just wait till I start this basket off for Cap'n Lawson's and I'll show you the right thing—a plump little duck I clipped into the safe this morning, thinking to myself that's the very moral of a treat for Miss Mattie."

Miss Mattie looked embarrassed and rubbed her forefinger uneasily over a small coin that lay in the palm of her hand under her glove. It was a silver five-cent piece, and she had taken it with much hesitation from a little store of pieces, most of them given her when she was a child. For herself she could have got along very well with bread and tea, but somehow

ings, though their faces are red and their hands coarse and greasy.

Miss Mattie went very happily down the street. She had lighted her lamp before she went out, and a cheerful little ray smiled encouragingly at her as she came to the gate. All the other windows in the weather-beaten old house were black and empty and looked to the lonesome little woman as if all sorts of hobgoblins might be peeping out at her from the gloom behind them, for Miss Mattie's neighbors had gone away on a Thanksgiving visit and taken the whole family. At least they said "the whole family," but at the very moment Miss Mattie came to the gate a member of the family was huddled up in a corner of the doorway, cold, hungry and much perplexed to understand what had become of all his friends and why, in spite of his pitiful plea, no one came to open the door for him. He heard Miss Mattie and ran hopefully to meet her, limping as he came, for he had a stiff leg.

"Why, Tommy Barnes," said Miss Mattie, stooping to pat his rough yellow head, "you don't mean to say your folks have gone off to Thanksgiving and left you behind. Well, if I ever! How dreadful—thoughtless—and you a cripple besides!"

Tommy kept on crying, but he had his eye on the door while Miss Mattie was fitting her key, and the minute it opened he darted in.

"That's right, Tommy," said Miss Mattie; "just make yourself at home."

and enjoyed them immensely, finding them lighter and more digestible without butter. She read a Thanksgiving psalm and went about trying to sing in a little chirrupy voice like a brown sparrow. She brought in the small basket and flushed over the unexpected treasure, but took it kindly as a bit of neighborly goodwill. The sweetbread, white and plump and all ready for cooking, reminded her of old Mrs. Morrison, just beginning to sit up and watch the people go by the window. What a toothsome dainty this would be for her, and what a delight that she should be able to take it to her as she went to church, yes, and some of the celery, too, for a relish. The chops were transferred to a plate on the shelf, the sweetbread wrapped in a fine old napkin and laid back in the basket with the best half of the celery, and the biscuits Miss Mattie had saved for dinner.

"The cold bread will go just as well with chops," she reflected, and prepared for church with a glow of happiness such as she had not known in a long time.

It helped to a real feeling of thankfulness, especially when she thought of old Mrs. Morrison, and how pleased she had been with the unexpected gift. She laughed a little to herself as she returned to her own door after service, remembering how when Sally Morrison had commiserated her on being alone Thanksgiving Day, she had assured her she had company invited—Tommy Barnes, from the next door, who was spending a couple of days with her, the rest of the family being away.

"I hope 't wa'n't a sinful untruth," she said, smiling at Tommy, who lay peacefully sleeping on the braided rug, "but if old Miss Morrison had set in to have me stay to dinner, I shouldn't a' known how to get away, and she is such a talker."

With a long, clean apron over her best frock, Miss Mattie began cheerfully to make her small preparations for the Thanksgiving feast. She had meditated leaving one chop for breakfast, but her walk and happiness had made her hungry and she decided to cook them all.

But where did she put these chops—she was getting so forgetful—she

was surveying her husband with a disturbed and fearful face.

"You don't mean to tell me," she repeated, "that the minister's folks ain't comin' at all, and you and me has got to eat this big dinner alone? Here, I stayed home from church to tend to it. Oh, you needn't to look as if you thought it was a judgment. Josiah I wouldn't be such a hipper-crit as to pretend to be thinkin' of spiritual things when I was wonderin' if Sarah Ellen would remember to baste the turkey. Seems to me they might let us know sooner."

"But I told ye, mother, it was a telegram come just before church. You can't regerate telegrams like the weekly newspaper, or stop folks from dyin' unexpected."

"Then, why didn't you rush round and get somebody else? Mercy sakes! 'Twon't seem like Thanksgiving at all—"



"SHE WAS TUCKED IN THE YELLOW SLEIGH."

"Didn't seem to be anybody to ask but old Miss Morrison and Marthy Ellison. I drove round by the Morrisons, but the old lady was just having something relishing Miss Mattie had fetched in. They said they invited her to dinner, but she had company; one of them Barneses next door."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the deacon's wife, in a very disrespectful tone, "You just drive straight back and bring Marthy Ellison up here to dinner. Tell her I don't take any excuse, and, if she can't come otherwise, she can bring her company along, though the way them shifless Barneses impose on her is a mortal shame."

Good Deacon Giles had learned docility in many years of experience, and the double knock at Miss Mattie's door followed as quickly as could be reasonably expected. Miss Mattie attempted neither excuse nor hesitation, but accepted her good providence with radiant delight.

"Mother said to fetch your comp'n'y along," said the deacon, glancing doubtfully about the small room. "We heard you had one of the Barneses. I kinder hope 'tain't the cross-eyed one that stole my pears."

"Oh," said Miss Mattie, laughing into the little mirror, as she tied her bonnet, "he's had his dinner and he's gone out."

She didn't say that he had eaten hers also, but at Mrs. Giles's hospitable table, under the genial influence of generous fare and pleasant old-time reminiscences, she told the story of Tommy Barnes and the lamb chops in a way that made the deacon lose his breath with laughter. And when she was tucked into the yellow sleigh for the ride home, Mrs. Giles stopped at the door to say:

"I put some bits of bones and things in a basket under the seat for Tommy. Takes a sight of stuff to reely fill up a cat fur 'nough to give his moral principles a fair showin'."

Tommy was on the step waiting to welcome Miss Mattie, which shows his forgiving disposition, and, though he got as much as was good for him out of the basket under the seat, Miss Mattie very wisely concluded that the mince pie, roast chicken and cranberry sauce could hardly have been meant for his delight, so she locked them in the cupboard, saying decidedly:

"This time, Tommy Barnes, I'll give your moral principles a fair showin'." EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

On Desert Air.

Winthrop—"If Freddie is going to spend Thanksgiving with his grandmother, perhaps you'd better buy him that tin horn."

Mrs. Winthrop—"I spoke to him about it, my dear, but he said it would do no good to him, as grandmother is deaf."

O HEART, GIVE THANKS.

O heart, give thanks for strength, to-day,
To walk, to run, to work, to play;
For feasts of eye; melodious sound;
For pulses' easy, rhythmic bound;
Ten servants that thy will obey;

A mind clear as the sun's own ray;
A life which has not passed its May;
That all thy being thus is crowned,
O heart, give thanks!

Feet helpless like that once were gay;
Eyes know but night's eternal way;
Souls dwell in silence, draw, profound;
Minds live with clouds encircling round;
In face of these, thy blessings weigh!
O heart, give thanks!

—Emma C. Dowd.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Carve Tongue.

A tongue should be carved in very thin slices, its delicacy depending on this. The slices from the center are considered the most tempting, and should be cut across and the slices taken from both sides with a portion of the fat at the root.

Roasting Coffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are roasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France as well a piece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of coffee beans and also a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. This brings out the flavor and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which is so greatly admired.

Old Fashioned Gingerbread.

To any one in whose breast there still linger haunting memories of the topography of the genuine old-fashioned New England "card gingerbread," that flourished during the early part of this century, there will come a feeling of thankfulness for this family recipe, handed down for several generations from mother to daughter: Two cupfuls of Porto Rico molasses, one cupful sugar, one cupful drippings (or half butter and half lard), one cupful cold water, a dessertspoonful ginger, one tablespoonful soda, and flour to make a rather soft dough. It may be baked as of old, in sheets about two inches thick, barred crosswise with the sharp edge of a tin, or rolled into cookies. In either case, it will be found an admirable concomitant to the morning cup of coffee; or an assuager of that "aching void" with which the small boy commonly returns from school.—Washington Star.

Removing Stains From Silver.

To remove stains from silver, especially such as are caused by medicine or by neglect, use sulphuric acid, rubbing it on with a little flannel pad, then rinsing the articles most carefully at once. For less ingrained stains, the pulp of a lemon, whose juice has been used for lemon squash, may be recommended, as both efficient and harmless. Indian silver and brass are always cleaned by natives with lemon or limes. It may be as well to warn housekeepers in these days, when pretty serving is such a consideration, that, where one has to reheat food in a silver dish from which it is impossible to shift the eatable, a baking tin should be half filled with hot water, a doubled sheet of paper should be placed in this and the silver dish stood upon it, after which it will take no harm from the effects of the oven heat. Again, as eggs and vinegar are alike apt to discolor plated or silver dishes, always run a little weak aspic jelly over the silver dish before dishing the mayonnaise, etc., to be served in it, and if this coating is allowed to set before putting in the other materials the dish will suffer no damage that hot soap and water will not easily remove.

Recipes.

Tomato Preserves—Peel red tomatoes. For each pound use three-fourths pound sugar, half cup raisins and teaspoon cinnamon. Make syrup of the sugar; add fruit and seasoning; boil half hour; skim out the fruit into jars; boil syrup thick and pour over.

Lemon Cake—One cup butter, two of sugar, one-half cup milk, five eggs, beaten separately, four cups flour, three teaspoons baking powder. Mix butter and sugar to a cream and add yolk of egg, and beat; milk, lemon juice, a little salt, flour and baking powder, sifted; egg whites last. Bake in loaf one hour.

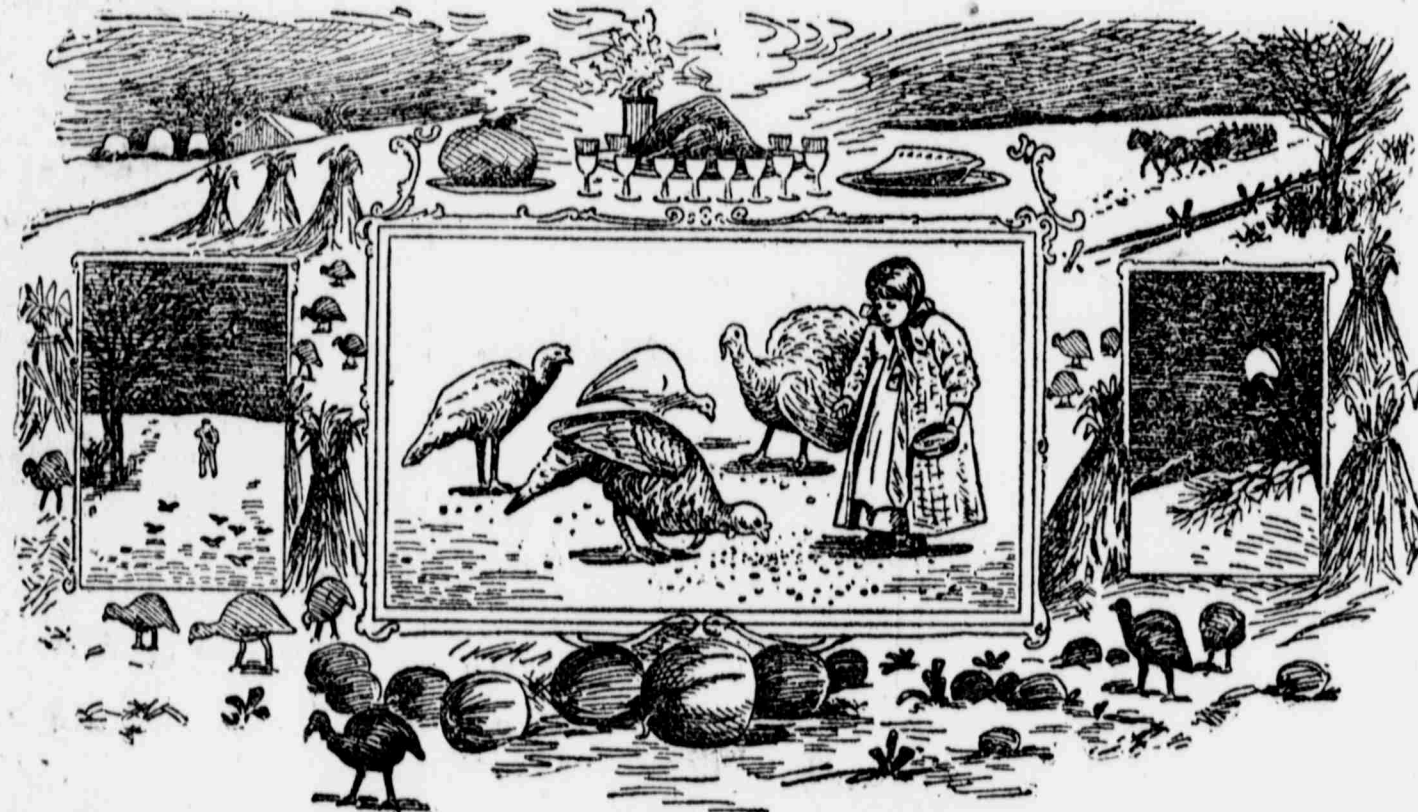
Entire Wheat Puffs—Mix together two cupfuls of entire wheat, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar. Add one cupful of milk to the beaten yolks of two eggs, then add one cupful of water and stir this into the dry mixture. Add the whites beaten stiff and bake in hissing hot gem pans thirty minutes.

Pickled Onions—Peel small white onions and put in salted water (one teacup salt to gallon of water) over night. Rinse in water several times; then drain for an hour. Then pack in jars with teaspoon each of whole cloves, peppercorns, allspice, and two of broken stick cinnamon. Celery seed or chopped celery, for each quart. Pour scalding vinegar over.

Cucumber Sauce—One peck cucumbers the size for slicing; pare and cut into dice. Slice and separate four large onions into rings. Sprinkle over the whole a pint of salt and drain seven hours on a sieve; add teaspoon black pepper, teaspoon (level) cayenne pepper, three blades of mace, eight tablespoonfuls salad oil. Fill jars two-thirds full, then pour vinegar over, put weight on; tie closely.

Pickled Cabbage—Chop firm white cabbage fine. To two quarts allow one bunch crisp celery and one onion chopped fine. Make spiced vinegar by steeping in cup vinegar half ounce each cloves and stick cinnamon, and teaspoon peppercorns. Set bowl in hot water, covered, for an hour. Bruise the spices and pepper. Put the materials in jar, add spiced vinegar when cold to other cold vinegar and fill over the pickle. Tie closely; keep cool.

THE JOYS OF THANKSGIVING.



it seemed a dishonor to all her happy past not to have something special on Thanksgiving; and so she had a feeling of real pity for it, lying there warm and snug in her palm, and so soon to go tumbling into the heap of clashing, jingling coins tossed about by the butcher's greasy fingers, or perhaps into the pocket of that horrible apron with blood-stains on it. Miss Mattie shuddered, but quickly recovered herself to say, cheerfully:

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Simmons; but don't you think ducks are a sight of trouble, what with the stuffing and the roasting and needing to be looked after and basted regular? I made up my mind to something simple, and I don't know anything that's easier got or more relishing than lamb chops. Two lamb chops is about what I thought of, Mr. Simmons. You know there's only me."

Mr. Simmons had not seen the five-cent piece, but he understood just as well as if he had, and he began to cut the chops at once, talking all the time to relieve his own embarrassment and assuring Miss Mattie that "if folks only knew it, there was nothing like lamb chops to encourage your appetite and strengthen you up all over."

"But you'll have to take three chops," looking curiously at the money Miss Mattie laid in his big hand, "or I'll have to make change, and change is scarcer than hen's teeth to-night. You might have company unexpected, you know, and an extra chop would come in handy."

Miss Mattie laughed so genially that the market man ventured to slip a sweetbread and a bunch of yellow celery into the basket on the sly. He would have loved to put in the duck, but that would have looked as if he suspected her reason for not buying it, and, bless you, he knew better than that. Some people have feel-

You and I'll have our Thanksgiving together. That extra chop will be wanted after all, and I'm going to make riz biscuits."

She put away her bonnet and shawl and hung the basket on a nail in the back-room without even looking at the contents, though Tommy Barnes watched her keenly with a shrewd suspicion of something good, and a faint hope which nothing in his past experience justified that he might come in for a share of it. Miss Mattie was accustomed to being alone, and she scarcely thought of Tommy, as she trotted about, setting the sponge for her biscuits in a pint bowl, putting a little cup of broth on the stove to warm for her supper, making her tea, toasting her bread, and at last sitting down by the table in the little green chair with a patchwork cushion. Up to this point Tommy had sat quietly by the fire, having learned by many severe lessons that little folks should be seen and not heard, but when Miss Mattie poured out the savory broth the delicious odor was too much for his fortitude, and with one bound he sprang into her lap.

"Bless me," said Miss Mattie, "if I hadn't clean forgot you, and you half-starved, I dare say. There, get down. I never could abide cats around my victuals."

She put Tommy gently on the floor, crumbled some bread into the bowl of broth, cooled it carefully and set it down for him to eat.

"It's pretty rich for me anyway," she said, as she made out her supper with toast and tea.

It was perhaps well for Tommy that he took an early promenade next morning around the back yards of the neighborhood, and secured several valuable tid-bits, for Miss Mattie had very little to offer him. She baked her delightful little puffs of biscuits,

could have sworn she put them on the shelf—could she have left them in the basket after all? Her perplexed eyes fell from the shelf to the floor, and there, just peeping from the wood-box was the plate, and two small, very small, bits of bone, gnawed quite clean and white.

Ungrateful Tommy Barnes, lying there in peaceful slumber, with those precious chops rounding out your yellow sides, if justice had befallen you then and there you might not have lived to steal again. But into the midst of Miss Mattie's righteous wrath came the reflection that Tommy must have been hungry, and the fault after all was partly her own for putting temptation in his way, "though how anything could have been further out of his way than that shelf, I don't really see," she added, dolefully.

At that minute Tommy Barnes waked from his nap, transformed himself into a camel, yawned in a frightfully tigerish fashion, and proceeded to sharpen his claws on the rug, the sacred rug into which had been braided some precious old garments dear to Miss Mattie's heart. It was a straw too much to have insult added to injury, and springing from her chair, she cuffed Tommy in such vigorous fashion that three or four hearty blows found their mark before the astonished sinner could withdraw his claws and bound out at the back door, left ajar in the search for the chops. At that instant a resounding knock on the front door sent Miss Mattie's heart to her throat with a sudden leap, as if justice were already coming to take her in hand for unreasonable cruelty.

When Miss Mattie was peacefully patting about, unconscious of the cruel trick fate and Tommy Barnes had played her, Mrs. Deacon Giles